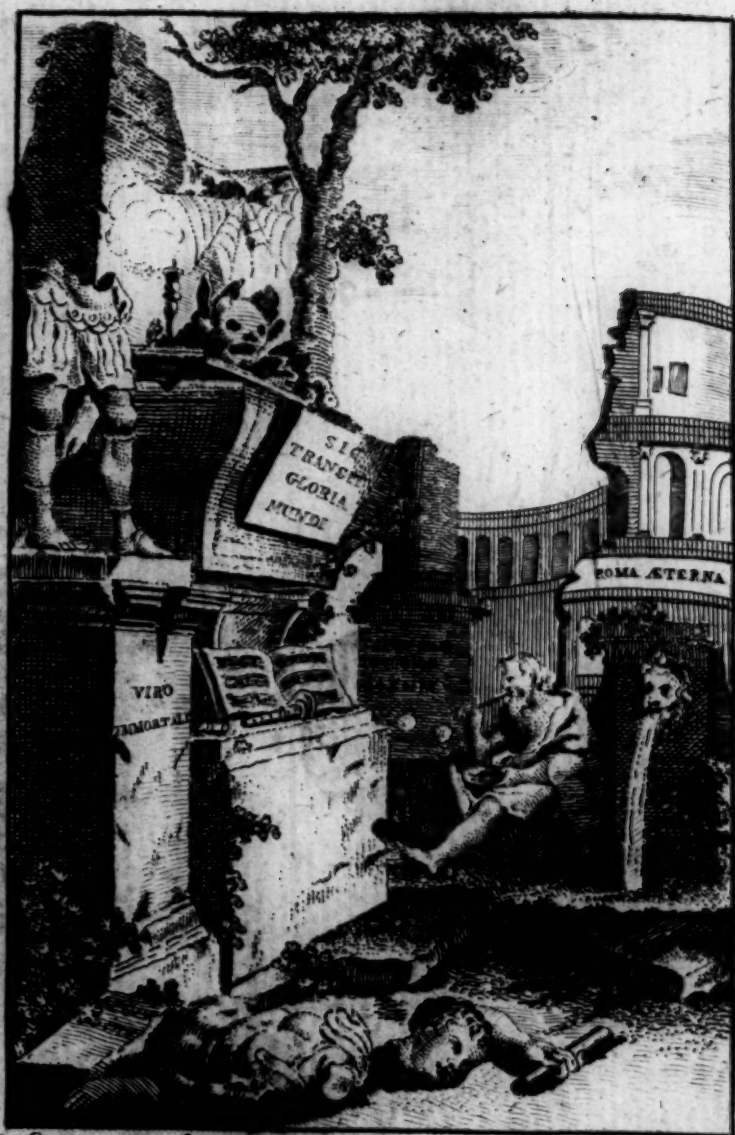
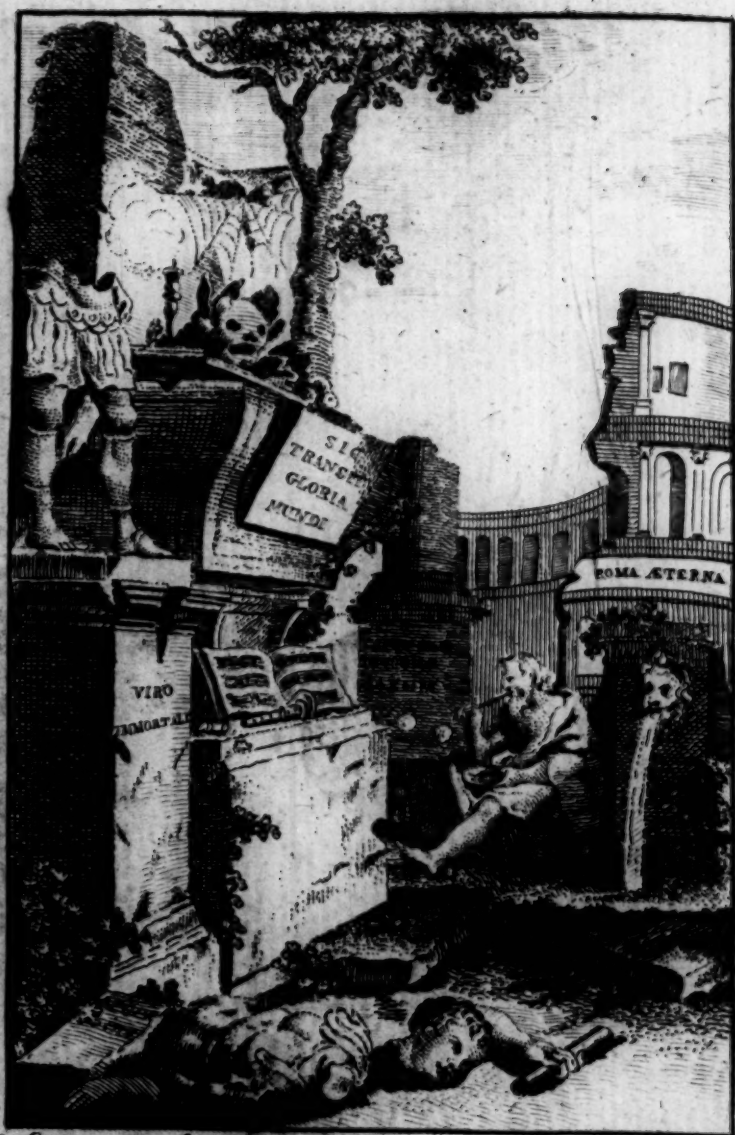




*Here in the rich, the honour'd fam'd & great,
See the false scale of Happings compleat.*



*Here in the rich, the honour'd fam'd & great,
See the false scale of Happings compleat.*

A N
E S S A Y
O N
M A N.
I N

Four EPISTLES to a Friend.

Corrected by the AUTHOR.

The SEVENTH EDITION.



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T H E C O N T E N T S.

E P I S T L E I.

Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN, with
respect to the UNIVERSE.

OF *Man* in the *Abstract*. We can judge only with regard to our own *System*, being ignorant of the *Relations* of *Systems* and *Things*, VERSE 17, &c. Man is not therefore to be deem'd *Imperfect*, but a Being suited to his Place and Rank in the Creation, agreeable to the *General Order* of *Things*, and conformable to *Ends* and *Relations* to Him unknown, 35, &c. It is partly upon this *Ignorance* of future Events, and partly upon the *Hope* of a Future State, that all his Happiness in the present depends, 73, &c. His *Pride*, in aiming at more *Knowledge*, and pretending to more *Perfection*, the Cause of his Error and Misery, 120. The *Impiety* of putting himself in the Place of *God*, and judging of the Fitness or Unfitness, Perfection or Imperfection, Justice or Injustice, of His Dispensations, 109. The *Absurdity* of conceiving himself the *Final Cause* of the Creation, or expecting that Perfection in the *Moral World* which is not in the *Natural*, 127 to 164. The *Unreasonableness* of his Complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the *Angels*, on the other the bodily Qualifications of the *Brutes*, 165. That the Gift of *Reason alone* countervails all the latter, and that to possess any of the *Sensitive Faculties* in a higher degree, would render him miserable, 181,

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A N

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

A WAKE! my St. JOHN leave all meaner Things
To low Ambition, and the Pride of Kings.
Let Us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)

Expatiate free, o'er all this *Scene of Man*, 5
A mighty Maze! but not without a Plan;
A Wild, where Weeds and Flowers promiscuous shoot,
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden Fruit.

Together let us beat this ample Field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield, 10
The latent Tracts, the giddy Heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's Walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we *must*, be candid where we *can*, 15
But vindicate the Ways of *God* to Man.

Say first, of *God* above, or *Man* below,
What can we *reason*, but from what we *know*?
Of Man, what see we but his Station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the *God* be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.

He who thro' vast Immensity can pierce,
See Worlds on Worlds compose one Universe,
Observe how System into System runs, 25
What other Planets, and what other Suns?
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry Star?
May tell, why Heav'n made all Things as they are.

But

But of this Frame the Bearings, and the Ties,
The strong Connections, nice Dependencies, 30
Gradations just, has thy pervading Soul
Look'd thro' ? or can a Part contain the Whole ?

Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee ?

Presumptuous Man ! the Reason wouldst thou find 35
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ;

First, if thou can'st, the harder Reason guess

Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?

Ask of thy Mother Earth, why Oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the Weeds they shade ? 40

Or ask of yonder argent Fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove ?

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
That Wisdom infinite must from the Best
Where all must fall, or not coherent be, 45

And all that rises, rise in due Degree ;

Then, in the Scale of Life and Sense, 'tis plain

There must be, *some where*, such a Rank as Man ;

And all the Question (wrangle e'er so long)

Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ? 50

Respecting *Man* whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to *All*.

In human Works, though labour'd on with Pain,

A Thousand Movements scarce one Purpose gain ;

In God's, one single can, *its End* produce, 55

Yet serves to second to some *other Use*.

So Man, who here seems principal alone,

Perhaps acts second to some Shore unknown,

Touches some Wheel, or verges to some Gole ;

'Tis but a Part we see, and not a Whole. 60

When the proud Steed shall know, why Man restrains

His fiery Course, or drives him o'er the Plains ;

When the dull Ox why now he breaks the Clod,

Now wears a Garland, an *Egyptian* God ;

Then shall Man's Pride and Dullness comprehend 65

His Actions, Passions, Beings, Use and End ;

Why doing, suffer'ing, check'd, impell'd ; and why

This Hour a Slave, the next a Deity ?

Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;

Say rather Man's as perfect as he ought ; 70

His



Epist. I. ESSAY on MAN.

9

His Being measur'd to his State, and Place,
His Time a Moment, and a Point his Space.

Heav'n from all Creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the Page, prescrib'd their *present State*,
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know, 75
Or who could suffer Being here below?

The Lamb thy Riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy *Reason*, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last he crops the flow'ry Food,
And licks the Hand just rais'd to shed his Blood. 80
Oh Blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,

That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who sees with equal Eye, as God of *All*,
A Hero perish, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Systems, into ruin hurl'd, 85
And now a Bubble burst, and now a World?

Hope humbly then; with trembling Pinions soar;
Wait the great Teacher, Death and God adore?
What future Bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy blessing now. 90

Hope springs eternal in the human Breast;
Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest;
The Soul uneasy, and confin'd at home,
Rests, and expatiates, in a Life to come.

Lo! the poor *Indian* whose untutor'd Mind 95
Sees God in Clouds, or hears him in the Wind;
His Soul, proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way,
Yet simple Nature to his Hope has giv'n,

Behind the cloud topt Hill an humbler Heav'n, 100
Some safer World in depth of Woods embrac'd,
Some happier Island in the watry Wasse;
Where Slaves once more their native Land behold,
No Fiends torment, no Christians thirst for Gold.

To be, contents his natural Desire, 105
He asks no Angel's Wing, or Seraph's Fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal Sky,
His faithful Dog shall bear him Company,
Go wiser Thou! and in thy Scale of Sense
Weigh thy *Opinion* against *Providence*: 110

Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;

Destroy

Destroy all Creatures for thy Sport or Gust,
 Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust,
 If Man alone, engross not Heaven's high Care, 115
 Alone, made perfect here, immortal there:
 Snatch from his Hand the Balance and the Rod,
 Re-judge his Justice, Be the God of God!

In reas'ning *Pride* (my Friend) our Error lies;
 All quit their Sphere, and rush into the Skies. 120
Pride still is aiming at the blest Abodes,
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods:
 Aspiring to be Gods if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the Laws 125
 Of ORDER, sins against th'Eternal Cause.

Ask for what End the heavenly Bodies shine?
 Earth for whose Use? *Pride* answers, "'Tis for mine:
 " For me kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
 " Suckles each Herb, and swells out ev'ry Flow'r; 130
 " Annual for me, the Grape, the Rose renew
 " The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew;
 " For me, the Mine a thousand Treasures brings,
 " For me, Health gushes from a thousand Springs;
 " Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me rise; 135
 " My Footstool Earth, my Canopy the Skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious End,
 From burning Suns when livid Deaths descend,
 When Earthquakes swallow, or when Tempests sweep
 Towns to one Grave, and Nations to the Deep? 140
 " No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
 " Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral Laws;
 " Th' Exceptions few; some Change since all began;
 " And what created, perfect?" Why then Man?

If the great End be human Happiness, 145
 And Nature deviates, how can Man do less?
 As much that End a constant Course requires
 Of Show'rs and Sunshine, as of Man's Desires;
 As much eternal Springs and cloudless Skies,
 As Men for ever temp'rate, calm and wise. 150
 If Plagues or Earthquakes break not Heaven's Design,
 Why then a *Borgia*, or a *Catiline*?
 From *Pride*, from *Pride*, our very Reas'ning springs;
 Account for moral, or for nat'ral Things;

Why

Epst. I. E S S A Y O N M A N .

11

Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit? 155
In both to reason right, is to submit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here;
That never Air or Ocean felt the Wind;
That never Passion discompos'd the Mind: 160
But all subsist by Elemental Strife;
And Passions are the Elements of Life,
The gen'ral ORDER, since the Whole began,
Is kept in *Nature*, and is kept in *Man*.

What would this Man? now upward will he soar, 165
And little less than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, just as griev'd appears
To want the Strength of Bulls, the Fur of Bears.
Made for his Use all Creatures if he call,
Say what their Use, had he the Pow'rs of all? 170

Nature to these, without Profusion kind,
The proper Organs proper Pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming Want compensated of Course
Here, with Degrees of Swiftnefs; there, of Force;
All in exact Proportion to the State; 175
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each Beast, each Insect, happy in its own,
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all? 180

The Bliss of Man (could Pride that Blessing find)
Is not to think, or act, *beyond* Mankind;
No Pow'rs of Body or of Soul to share,
But what his Nature and his State can bear.
Why has not Man a microscopic Sight? 185
For this plain Reason, Man is not a Mite:
Say what th' Advantage of so fine an Eye?
T'inspect a Mote, not comprehend the Sky:
Or Touch, so trembling alive all o'er?
To smart and agonize at ev'ry Pore: 190
Or quick Effluvia darting thro' the Brain?
To sink oppress'd with aromatic Pain.
If Nature thunder'd in his opening Ears,
And stunn'd him with the Music of the Spheres,
How would he wish, that Heav'n had left him still 195
The wisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling Rill?

Who

Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

Far as Creation's ample rage extends,
The Scale of sensual, mental Pow'rs ascends : 200
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial Race
From the green Myriads in the peopled Grass !
What Modes of Sight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The Mole's dim Curtain, and the Lynx's Beam :
Of Smell, the headlong Lionsess between, 205
And Hound, sagacious on the tainted Green ;
Of Hearing, from the Life that fills the Flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal Wood : |
The Spider's Touch how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each Thread, and lives along the Line : 210
In the nice Bee, what Sense so subtly true
From pois'nous Herbs extracts the healing Dew.
How *Instinct* varies ! in the groveling Swine.
Compar'd half reas'ning Elephant with thine.
'Twixt that, and *Reason*, what a nice Barrier, 215
For ever separate, yet for ever near :
Remembrance, and Reflection, how ally'd ;
What thin Partitions Sense from Thoughts divide :
And middle Natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th'insuperable Line ! 220
Without this just *Gradation*, could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee ?
The Pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all those Pow'rs in one ?
See, thro' this Air, this Ocean, and this Earth, 225
All Matter quick, and bursting into Birth.
Above, how high progressive Life may go ?
Around, how wide ? how deep extend below ?
Vast Chain of Being ! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, Angel, Man, 230
Beast, Bird, Fish, Insect ! what no Eye can see,
No Glass can reach ! from infinite to Thee,
From Thee to Nothing !—On superior Pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
Or in the full Creation leave a Void, 235
Where, one Step broken, the great Scale's destroy'd :
From Nature's Chain whatever Link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the Chain alike.

And

And if each System in Gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing Whole ; 240
The least Confusion but in one not all
Thy System only, but the Whole must fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
Planets, and Suns rush lawless thro' the Sky,
Let ruling Angels from their Spheres be hurl'd, 245
Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
Heav'n's whole Foundation to the Centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the Throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—For whom? for thee?
Vile Worm!—O Madness! Pride! Impiety! 250

What if the Foot, ordain'd the Dust to tread,
Or Hand to toil, aspir'd to be the Head?
What if the Head, the Eye, or Ear, repin'd
To serve mere Engines, to the ruling Mind?
Just as absur'd, for any Part to claim 255
To be another in this gen'ral Frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the Tasks or Pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but Parts of one stupendous Whole,
Whose Body *Nature* is, and *God* the Soul ; 260
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same.
Great in the Earth, as in the Æthereal Frame.
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the Breeze,
Glow's in the Stars, and blossoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent, 265
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breaths in our Soul, informs our mortal Part,
As full, as perfect, in a Hair, as Heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraphim that sings and burns ; 270
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name:
Our proper Bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own *Point*. This kind, this due Degree 275
Of Blindness, Weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit——in this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou can'st bear:
Safe in the Hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour, 280

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee ;
 All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see,
 All Discord, Harmony not understood ;
 All partial Evil, universal Good ;
 And spight of Pride, in erring Reason's spight, 285
 One truth is clear, " Whatever Is, is Right."



A N

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE II.

K NOW then Thy-self, presume not God to scan ;
 The only Science of Mankind is *Man*.
 Plac'd on the Isthmus of a Middle State,
 A Being darkly wise, and rudely great :
 With too much Knowledge for the Sceptic Side, 5
 With too much Weakness for a Stoic's Pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest,
 To deem himself a Part of God or Beast ;
 In doubt, his Mind or Body to prefer,
 Born but to die, and Reas'ning but to err, 10
 Alike in Ignorance, his Reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little, or too much.
 Chaos of Thought and Passion all confus'd
 Still by himself abus'd, or dis-abus'd :
 Created half to rise, and half to fall ; 15
 Great Lord of all Things ; yet a prey to all ;
 Sole Judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd :
 The Glory, Jest, and Riddle of the World !
 Go wondrous Creature ! mount where Science guides,
 Go measure Earth, weigh Air, and state the Tides. 20
 Instruct

Instruct the Planets in what Orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun.

Go soar with *Plato* to th'empyrean Sphere,
To the first Good, first Perfect, and first Fair;
Or tread the mazy Round his Followers trod, 25
And quitting Sense call *Imitating God*,
As Eastern Priests in giddy Circles run,
And turn their Heads to imitate the *Sun*.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into Thyself, and be a Fool! 30
Superior Beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd such Wisdom in an earthly Shape,
And shew'd a *NEWTON* as we show an *Ape*.

Could He who taught each Planet where to roll, 35
Describe or fix, one Movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their Points, to rise and to descend,
Explain his own Beginning, or his End?
Alas what Wonder! Man's superior Part
Uncheck'd may rise and climb from Art to Art; 40
But when his own great Work is but begun,
What Reason waves, by Passion is undone.

Two principles in Human Nature reign;
Self Love, to urge; and Reason, to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call: 45
Each works it End, to move, or govern all:
And to their proper Operation still
Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self Love, the spring of Motion, acts the Soul;
Reason's comparing Balance rules the Whole; 50
Man, but for that, no *Action* could attend,
And but for this, were active to no End,
Fix'd like a Plant on his peculiar Spot,
To draw Nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or Meteor like flame lawless through the Void, 55
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most *Strength* the moving Principle requires,
Active its Task, it prompts, impels, inspires:
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 60
Self Love, still stronger, as its Objects nigh;
Reason's at distance and in Prospect lye;

That sees immediate Good, by present Sense,
 Reason, the future, and the Consequence ;
 Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng, 65
 At best more *watchful* this; but that more *strong*.
 The Action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason *stille use*, to Reason still *attend* :
 Attention, Habit, and Experience gains,
 Each strengthens Reason and Self-Love restrains. 70
 Let subtle Schoolmen teach their Friends to fight,
 More studious to divide, than to unite,
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
 With all the rash Dexterity of Wit.
 Wits, just like Fools, at War about a *Name*, 75
 Have full as oft, *no Meaning, or the same*.
 Self-Love and Reason to one End aspire,
 Pain their Aversion, Pleasure their Desire ;
 But greedy that its Object would devour,
 This taste the Honey and not wound the Flower. 80
 Pleasure or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest Evil, or our greatest Good.
 Modes of Self-Love, the PASSIONS we may call,
 'Tis real Good, or seeming, moves them all :
 But since not every Good we can *divide*, 85
 And Reason bids us for *our own* provide ;
 Passions, tho' *selfish*, if their Means be fair,
 List under *Reason*, and deserve her Care ;
 Those that *imparted*, court a nobler Aim,
 Exalt their Kind, and take some *Virtue's* Name. 90
 In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast,
 Their Virtue fix'd, 'tis fix'd as in a Frost,
 Contracted all, retiring to the Breast ;
 But Strength of Mind is *Exercise*, not *Rest* ;
 The rising Tempest puts in act the Soul, 95
 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the Whole.
 On Life's vast Ocean diversely we sail,
 Reason the Card, but Passion is the Gale :
 Nor God alone in the still Calm we find !
 He mounts the Storm, and *walks upon the Wind*. 100
 Passions like Elements, tho' born to fight,
 Yet mix'd and soften'd, in his Work unite :
 These, 'tis enough to *temper* and *employ*,
 But what composes Man can Man *destroy* ?

I. Epst. II. ESSAY on MAN. 17

Suffice that Reason keeps to Nature's Road, 105
Subject, compound them, follow her, and Gov.

55 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling Train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain ;
These mix'd with Art, and to due Bounds confin'd,
Make, and maintains, the Ballance of the Mind : 110
The Lights and Shades, whose well accorded Strife
Gives all the *Strength* and *Colour* of our Life.

Pleasures are ever in our Hands or Eyes,
And when in Act they cease, in Prospect rise ;
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 115
The whole Employ of Body and of Mind.

75 All spread their Charms, but charm not all alike ;
On diff'rent Senses diff'rent Objects strike :
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong, or weak, the Organs of the Frame ; 120
And hence one *Master Passion*, in the Breast,
Like *Aaron's* serpent, swallows up the rest.

80 As Man perhaps the Moment of his Birth,
Receives the lurking Principle of Death,
The young Disease that must subdue at length, 125
Grows with his Growth and strengthens with his Strength
So, cast and mingled with his very Frame,
The Mind's Disease, its *ruling Passion* came :
Each vital Humour which should feed the *Whole*,
Soon flows to *this* in Body and in Soul : 130
Whatever warms the Heart, or fills the Head,
As the Mind opens, and its Functions spread,
Imagination plies her dangerous Art,
And pours it all upon the peccant Part.

85 Nature its Mother, *Habit* is its Nurse 135
Wit, *Spirit*, *Faculties*, but make it worse ;
Reason itself but gives it Edge and Pow'r,
As Heaven's blest Beam turns Vinegar more sow'r ;
We, wretched Subjects tho' to lawful Sway,
In this weak *Queen*, some Fav'rite still obey, 140
Ah ! if she lend not Arms, as well as Rules,
What can she more than tell us we are Fools ?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A sharp *Accuser*, but a helpless *Friend* !
Or from a *Judge* turn *Pleader*, to persuade 145
The Choice we make, or justify it made ;

Proud of an easy Conquest all along,
 She but removes weak Passions for the strong;
 So, when small Humours gather to the Gout,
 The Doctor fancies he has driv'n'em out.

150

Yes, Nature's Road must ever be prefer'd;
 Reason is here no *Guide*, but still a *Guard*;

'Tis her's to *rectify*, not *overthrow*,
 And treat this Passion more as Friend than Foe:

Like varying Winds, by other Passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain Coast.

155

Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold, or Glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the Love of Ease:
 Thro' Life 'tis follow'd, even at Life's Expence;

The Merchant's Toil, the Sage's Indolence,

160

The Monk's Humility, the Hero's Pride,
 And all alike, find Reason on their Side.

Th' Eternal Art, educing Good from Ill,
 Grafts on this Passion our *best Principle*:

'Tis thus, the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd;

165

The Dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one Int'rest *Body* acts with *Mind*.

As Fruits ungrateful to the Planter's Care,
 On *Savage Stocks* inserted, learn to bear;

170

The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's Vigour working at the Root.

What Crops of Wit and Honesty appear,
 From Spleen, from Obstinacy, Hate, or Fear!

See Anger, Zeal and Fortitude supply;

175

Ev'n Av'rice, Prudence; Sloth, Philosophy;

Envy, to which th'ignoble Mind's a Slave,

Is Emulation in the Learn'd or Brave;

Nor Virtue, Male or Female, can we name,

But what or grows on *Pride*, or grows on *Shame*:

180

Thus *Nature* gives us (let it check our *Pride*)

The Virtue nearest to our Vice ally'd;

Reason the Byas turns to Good from Ill,

And *Nero* reigns a *Titus*, if he will.

The fiery Soul abhor'd in *Cataline*,

185

In *Decius* charms, in *Curtius* is divine.

The same Ambition can destroy or save,

And makes a Patriot as it makes a Knave,

This

II.
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This

Epist. II. ESSAY on MAN. 19

This *Light* and *Darkness* in our Chaos join'd,
What shall divide ? The *God* within the *Mind*. 190
Tho' each by turns the other's Bound invade,
And in some well wrought Picture Light and Shade,
And oft so mix, the Diff'rence is too nice,
Where ends the *Virtue*, or begins the *Vice* :
Fools ! who from hence into the Notion fall, 195
That *Vice* or *Virtue* there is none at all.

If white and black, blend, soften, and unite,
A thousand Ways, is there no black and white ?
Ask your own *own Heart*, and nothing is so plain ;
'Tis to *mistake* them, costs the *Time* and *Pain*. 200

Vice is a Monster of so frightful Mein,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
But seen too *oft*, familiar with her Face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

A *Cheat* ! a *Whore* ! who starts not at her Name, 205
In all the Inns of Court, or *Drury-Lane* ?

But where the *Point* of *Vice*, was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the *North* ? at *York* 'tis on the *Tweed* :
In *Scotland* at the *Orcades*, and there

At *Greenland*, *Zembla*, or the Lord knows where, 210
No Creature owns it, in the first Degree,

But thinks his Neighbour farther gone than he :
Ev'n those who dwell beneath her very Zone,
Or never feel the Rage, or never own ;

What happier Natures shrink at with Affright, 215
The hard Inhabitant contends is Right,

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,
Few in th' Extreme, but all in the Degree :
The Rogue and Fool, by Fits, is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best, by Fits, what they dispise. 220

'Tis but by *Parts* we follow Good or Ill,
For, Vice or Virtue, *Self* directs it still ;
Each Individual seeks a sev'ral Gole ;

But HEAV'N's great view is *One*, and that the *WHOLE*.
That counter-works each Folly and Caprice ; 225

That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry Vice,
That happy Frailties to all Ranks apply'd,
Shame to the Virgin, to the Matron Pride,
Fear to the Statesman, *Rashness* to the Chief.

To King's *Presumption*, and to Crowds *Belief*. 230
That

That Virtue's Ends from *Vanity* can raise,
Which seeks no Int'rest, no Reward but Praise.
And builds on *Wants*, and on *Defects* of Mind,
The *Joy*, the *Peace*, the *Glory*, of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend, 235
A Master, or a Servant, or a Friend,
Bids each on other for Assistance call,
'Till one Man's Weakness grows the Strength of all.
Wants, Frailties, Passions, closer still ally
The common Int'rest, or endear the 'Tye : 240
'To *these* we owe true Friendship, Love sincere,
Each home-felt Joy that Life inherits here !
Yet from the same we learr, in its Decline,
Those Joys, those Loves, those Int'rests to resign !
Taught half by Reason, half by mere Decay, 245
To welcome Death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the *Passion*, Knowledge, Fame, or Pelf,
Not one will change his Neighbour with himself.
The Learn'd are happy, Nature to explore :
The Fool is happy, that he knows no more . 250
The Rich are happy in the Plenty given ;
The Poor contents him with the Care of Heaven.
See the Blind Beggar dance, the Cripple sing,
The Sot a Hero, Lunatic a King,
'The starving Chymist in his golden Views 255
Supremely blest, the Poet in his Muse.

See ! some strange *Comfort* ev'ry *State* attend,
And *Pride* bestow'd on all, a common Friend ;
See ! some fit *Passion* ev'ry *Age* supply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die. 260

Till then, *Opinion* gilds with varying Rays
Those painted Clouds that beautify our Days ;
Each Want of Happiness by *Hope* supply'd,
And each Vacuity of Sense by *Pride*.
These build up all that Knowledge can destroy ; 265
In Folly's Cup still laugh's the Bubble, *Joy* ;
One Prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a *Vanity* is given in vain ;
Even mean *Self-Love* becomes by Force divine,
The Scale to measure others Wants by thine. 270
See ! and confess, one *Comfort* still must rise,
'Tis this, tho' *Mans a Fool*, yet God is wise.



A N

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE III.

LEARN Dulness, learn! "The *Universal Cause*,
"Acts to *one End*, but acts, by various Laws."
In all the Madness of superfluous Health,
The Trim of Pride, and Impudence of Wealth,
Let that great Truth be present Night and Day ; 5
But most be present, if thou *preach*, or *pray*.

View thy own World : Behold the Chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above,
See, lifeless Matter moving to one End,
The single Atoms each to other tend ; 10
Attract, attracted to, the next in Place ;
By Nature form'd its *Neighbour* to embrace.
Behold it next with various Life endu'd,
Press to one Centre still, the *Gen'ral Good*.
See, dying Vegetables Life sustain, 15
See, Life desolving vegetate again.
All Forms that perish other Forms supply,
By Turns they catch the vital Breath, and die ;
Like Bubbles on the Sea of Matter born,
They rise, they break, and to the Sea return. 20
Nothing is foreign : Parts relate to Whole :
One All-extending, All-preserving Soul
Connects each Being, greatest with the least ;
Made Beast in Aid of Man, and Man of Beast ;
Each serv'd and serving ; nothing stands alone ; 25
The Chain holds on, and *where* it ends unknown.

Has God, thou Fool ! work'd solely for thy Good,
Thy Joy, thy Pastime, thy Attire, thy Food ?

Who

Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,
 For him as kindly spreads the Flow'ry Lawn, 30
 Is it for thee the Lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his Voice, Joy elevates his Wings,
 Is it for thee the Linnet pours his Throat?
 Loves of his own, and Raptures swell the Note.
 The bounding Stead you pompously bestride, 35
 Shares with his Lord the Pleasure and the Pride.
 Is thine alone the Seed that strows the Plain?
 The Birds of Heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full Harvest of the Golden Year;
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving Steer. 40
 The Hog that plows not, nor obeys thy Call,
 Lives on the Labours of this Lord of All.

Know, Nature's Children all divide her Care;
 The Furr that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.
 While Man exclaims, see all Things for my Use! 45
 See Man for mine, replies a pamper'd Goose:
 What Care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him?
 All this he knew, but not that 'twas to eat him.

As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right,
 But as to Man, mistook the Matter quite: 50
 And just as short of Reason, Man will fall,
 Who thinks *All* made for *One*, not *One* for *All*.

Grant that the Pow'rful still the Weak controul,
 Be Man the *Wit* and *Tyrant* of the Whole.
 NATURE that Tyrant checks; he only knows 55
 And feels, another Creature's Wants and Woes.
 Say, will the Faulcon stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying Plumage, spare the Dove?
 Admires the Jay the Insects gilding Wings,
 Or hears the Hawk, when *Philomela* sings? 60
 Man cares for all: To Birds he gives his Woods,
 To Beasts his Pastures, and to Fish his Floods,
 For some, his Int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more, his Pleasure; yet for more his Pride:
 All feed, on one vain Patron, and enjoy 65
 Th' extensive Blessing of his Luxury.

That very Life his pining Hunger craves
 He saves from Famine, from the Savage saves:
 Nay, feasts the Animal he dooms his Feast,
 And 'till he ends the Being, makes it blest. 70
 The

Epist. III E S S A Y o n M A N .

23

The favour'd Man, by Touch Ætherial slain,
Not less foresees the Stroke, or feels the Pain.
The Creature had his Feast of Life before;
Thou too must perish, when thy Feast is o'er!

To each unthinking Being Heav'n a Friend, 75
Gives not the useless Knowledge of its End;
To Man imparts it; but with such a View,
As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too.
The Hour conceal'd, and so remote the Fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near. 80
Great standing Miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking Thing, this Turn of Mind.

Whether with *Reason*, or with *Instinct* blest,
Know, all enjoy that Power which *suits 'em best*.
To Bliss, alike, by that Direction tend, 85
And finds the Means proportion'd to their End.
Say, where full *Instinct* is th' unerring Guide,
What *Pope* or *Council* can they need beside?
Reason however able, cool at best,
Cares not for Service, or but serves when prest; 90
Stay till we call, and then not often near;
But honest *Instinct* comes a Volunteer.

This too serves *always*, Reason never *long*;
One *must* go right, the other *may* go wrong.
See then the *acting* and *comparing* Pow'rs, 95
One in their Nature, which are two in ours;
And Reason raise o'er *Instinct*, as you can;
In this, 'tis *God* directs, in that 'tis *Man*.

Who taught the Nations of the Field and Wood,
To shun their Poison, and to chuse their Food? 100
Prescient, the Tides or Tempests to withstand,
Build on the Wave, or arch beneath the Sand?
Who made the Spider Parallels design,
Sure as *De Majore*, without Rule or Line?
Who bid the Stork, *Columbus*-like, explore 105
Heav'ns not his own, and Worlds unknown before?
Who calls the Council, states the certain Day,
Who forms the Phalanx, and who points the Way?

G O D, in the Nature of each Being, founds
Its proper Bliss, and sets its proper Bounds: 110
But as he fram'd a *Whole*, the *Whole* to bless
On mutual *Wants* built mutual *Happiness*:

So

So from the first, Eternal ORDERS ran,
 And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
 Whate'er of Life all quickening *Aether* keeps, 115
 Or breaths thro' Air, or shoots beneath the Deep,
 Or pours profuse on Earth: one Nature feeds
 The *vital Flame*, and swells the *genial Seeds*.
 Not Man alone, but all that roam the Wood,
 Or wing the Sky, or roll along the Flood, 120
 Each loves *Itself*, but not *itself alone*,
 Each Sex desires alike, till *two* are *one*:
 Nor ends the Pleasure with the fierce Embrace;
 All love themselves, a third Time in their *Race*.
 The Beast, the Bird, their common Charge attend, 125
 The Mothers nurse it, and the Sires defend;
 The Young dismiss'd to wander Earth or Air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the Care,
 The Link dissolves, each seek a fresh Embrace,
 Another Love succeeds, another *Race*. 130
 A longer Care Man's helpless Kind demands;
 That longer Care contracts more lasting Bands:
Reflection, *Reason*, still the Ties improve,
 At once extend the Int'rest, and the Love:
 With *Choice* we fix, with *Sympathy* we burn, 135
 Each *Virtue* in each *Passion* takes its Turn;
 And still new *Needs*, new *Helps*, new *Habits* rise,
 That graft Beneyolence on Charities,
 From private Sparkles raise the gen'ral Flame,
 And bid Self-Love and Social be the same, 140
 Thus as *one* Brood, and as *another* rose,
 These *nat'ral* Love maintain'd, *habitual* those;
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless Him from whom their Life began.
Mem'ry and *Forecast* just Returns engage, 145
 That pointed back to *Youth*, this on to *Age*,
 While *Pleasure*, *Gratitude* and *Hope*, combin'd,
 Still spread the Int'rest, and preserv'd the Kind.
 Nor think in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
 The *State* of NATURE was the *Reign* of GOD: 150
Self-Love and *Social* at her Birth began,
 UNION, the Bond of all Things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor *Arts*, that *Pride* to aid;
 Man walk'd with Beast, joint Tenant of the Shade;

The

The same his Table, and the same his Bed,
No Murder cloath'd him, and no Murder fed. 155

In the same Temple, the resounding Wood,
All Vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God :
The Shrine with Gore unstain'd, with Gold undrest,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless Priest : 160

Heav'n's Attribute was universal Care,
And Man's Prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah how unlike the Man of Times to come !
Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb ;
Who, Foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral Groan, 165
Murders their Species, and betrays his own.

But just Disease to Luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry Death its own Avenger breeds ;
The Fury Passions from that Blood began,
And tron'd on Man a fiercer Savage, Man. 170

See him who *Nature* rising slow to *Art* !
To copy *Instinct*, then was *Reason's* Part ;
Thus then to Man the Voice of *Nature* spake——

" Go ! from the Creatures thy Instructions take ;
" Learn from the Birds what Food the Thickets yields ; 175
" Learn from the Beast the Physick of the Field :

" The Arts of Building from the Bee receive ;
" Learn of the Mole to plow, the Worm to weave ;
" Learn of the little * *Nautilus* to sail,
" Spread the thin Oar, and catch the driving Gale. 180

" Here too all Forms of social Union find.
" And hence let Reason, late instruct Mankind :
" Here Subterranean Works and Cities see,
" Three Towns Aerial on the waving Tree.

" Learn each small People's Genius, Policies ; 185
" The Ants Republic, and the Realm of Bees ;
" How those in common all their Stores bestow,

" And Anarchy without Confusion know,
" And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their sep'rate Cells and Properties maintain. 190

" Mark what unvary'd Laws preserve their State,
" Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate,
" In vain thy Reason finer Webbs shall draw,

" Entangle Justice in her Net of Law.

* Vide Oppian Halieut. lib. I.

" And Right too rigid harden into Wrong, 195
 " Still for the Strong too weak, the Weak too Strong.
 " Yet Go! and thus o'er all the Creatures sway,
 " Thus let the Wiser make the rest obey,
 " Who for those Arts they learn'd of Brutes before,
 " As Kings shall crown them, or as Gods adore." 200
 Great Nature spoke; observant Men obey'd;
 Cities were built, Societies were made:
 Here rose one little State: Another near
 Grew by like Means, and join'd, thro' Love or Fear.
 Did here the Trees with ruddier Burdens bend, 205
 And there the Streams with purer Rills descend?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a Friend, who came a Foe.
 Thus States were form'd; the Name of King unknown,
 'Till common Int'rest plac'd the Sway in One. 210
 Then VIRTUE ONLY (or in Arts, or Arms,
 Diffusing Blessings, or averting Harms)
 The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
 A Prince the Father of a People made.
 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate, 215
 King, Priest, and Parent of his growing Sate:
 On him their second Providence they hung,
 Their Law his Eye; their Oracle, his Tongue.
 He, from the wand'ring Furrow call'd their Food,
 Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood, 220
 Draw forth the Monsters of the Abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' Aerial Eagle to the Ground.
 Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
 Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man.
 Then, looking up from Sire to Sire explor'd 225
 One Great, First Father, and that first accor'd:
 Or plain Tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken Faith from Sire to Son,
 The Workman from the Work distinct was known,
 And simple Reason never sought but One: 230
 E'er Wit oblique had brake that steady Light,
 Man, like the Maker; saw that all was right,
 To Virtue in the Paths of Pleasure trod,
 And own'd a Father, when he own'd a God.
 Love all the Faith, and all the Allegiance then; 235
 For Nature knew no Right Divine in Men,

No *Ill* could fear in God; and understood
 A *Sovereign Being*, but a *Sovereign Good*.
 True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
 That was but *Love* of God, and this of *Man*. 240

Who first taught Souls enslav'd, and Realms undone
 Th'enormous Faith of *Many made for one*?
 That proud Exception to all Nature's Laws,
 T'invert the World, and counter work its *Cause*?
 Force first made *Conquest*, and the *Conquest Law*; 245
 Till *Superstition* taught the Tyrant Awe,
 Then shar'd the Tyranny, and lent it Aid,
 And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made;
 She, midst the Light'ning Blaze, and Thunder's Sound,
 When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the
 Ground, 250

She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray
 To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they.
 She from the rending Earth, and busting Skies,
 Saw Gods descend, and *Fiends* infernal rise,
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest Abodes; 255
Fear made her Devils, and weak *Hope* her Gods.
 Gods, partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust:
 Such as the Souls of Cowards might conceive,
 And form'd like Tyrants, Tyrants would believe. 260
 Zeal then, not Charity, became the Guide,
 And Hell was built on Spite, and Heaven on Pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th'Ætherial Vault no more;
 Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with Gore:
 Then first the *Flamen* tasted living Food; 265
 Next his grim Idol smear'd with human Blood;
 With Heav'n's own Thunder shook the World below,
 And play'd the God an Engine on his Foe.

So drives *Self-Love*, thro' Just, and thro' Unjust,
 To One Man's Pow'r, Ambition, Lucre, Lust: 270
 The same *Self-Love*, in *All*, becomes the Cause
 Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one Will, when many Wills rebel?
 How shall we keep, what sleeping or awake, 275
 A Weaker may surprize, a Stronger take?

His *Safety* must his *Liberty* restrain ;
All join to guard what *each* desires to gain.
 Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-Defence,
 Ev'n Kings learn'd Justice and Benevolence : 280
 Self-Love forsook the Path it first pursu'd,
 And found the *private*, in the *public* Good,
 'Twas then, the studious Head, or gen'rous Mind,
 Follow'r of God, or Friend of human Kind,
 Poet, or Patriot, rose, But to restore 285
 The Faith and Moral, *Nature* gave before ;
 Resum'd her ancient Light, not *kindled new* ;
 If not God's *Image*, yet his *Shadow* drew :
 'Taught Pow'rs due Use to *People* and to *Kings*,
 'Taught, not to slack, nor strain its tender Strings ; 290
 The *Less*, and *Greater*, set so justly true ;
 That touching *one*, must strike the *other* too,
 And jarring Int'rests of themselves create
 The according Musick of a *well-mix'd State*.
 Such in this *WORLD's great Harmony*, that springs 295
 From *Union, Order, full Consent* of Things !
 Where small and Great, where Weak and Mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,
 More *pow'rful* each, as needful to the rest,
 And in Proportion as it blesses, blest, 300
 Draw to one Point, and to one Centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord or King.
 For *Forms* of Government let Fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administred, is best :
 For *Modes* of Faith let graceless Zealots fight ; 305
 His can't be wrong whose *Life* is in the right.
 All must be false that thw'art this *One great End*,
 And all of God, that *bless* Mankind or mend.
 Man, like the gen'rous Vine supported lives,
 The *Strength* he gains is from th'*Embrace* he gives. 310
 On their own *Axis* as the Planets run,
 Yet make at once the Circle round the *Sun* :
 So two consistent Motions act the Soul,
 And one regards *Itself*, and one the *Whole*.
 Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame, 315
 And bade *Self-Love* and *Social* be the same.



A N

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our Being's End and Aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy
Name:

That Something still, which prompts th'eternal Sigh,
For which we bear to live, nor fear to die;

Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the Fool—and Wife.

Plant of Celestial Seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal Soil thou deign'st to grow?

Fair-opening to some Court's propitious Shine,
Or deep with Diamonds in the flaming Mine, 10

Twin'd with the Wreaths *Parnassian* Laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron Harvests of the Field?

Where grows—where grows it not?—If vain our Toil,
We ought to blame the Culture, not the Soil:

Fix'd to no Spot is Happiness sincere; 15
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;

'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, St. JOHN! dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the Way, the Learn'd are blin'd,
This bids to serve, and that to shun Mankind: 20

Some place the Bliss of Action, some in Ease,
Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

One grants his Pleasure is but rest from Pain, 25
One doubts of All, one owns e'vn Virtue vain,

Take *Nature's* Path, and mad Opinion's Leave,
 All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive;
 Obvious her Goods, in no Extreme they dwell,
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well! 30
 And mourn our various Portions as we please,
 Equal is *common Sense* and *common Ease*.

Remember Man! "the Universal Cause
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral Laws;"
 And makes what Happiness we justly call,
 Subsist not in the Good of one, but all. 35
 There's not a Blessing Individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with Pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rest self satisfy'd; 40
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
 Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend.
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All Pleasures sicken, and all Glories sink;
 Each has his Share, and who would more obtain 45
 Shall find, the Pleasure pays not half the Pain.

ORDER is Heav'n's first Law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
 That such are *happier*, shocks all common Sense. 50
 Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess
 If all are equal in their Happiness:
 But mutual Wants this Happiness increase,
 All Nature's Diff'rence keeps all Nature's Peace,
 Condition, Circumstance, is not the Thing: 55
Bliss is the same, in Subject or in King;
 In who obtain Defence, or who defend;
 In him who is, or him who finds a Friend.
 Heav'n breathes, thro' ev'ry Member of the whole
 One common Blessing, as one common Soul: 60
 But Fortune's Gifts, if each alike possess,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all Men Happiness was meant,
 God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her Gifts may variously dispose, 65
 And these be call'd unhappy, happy those;
 But Heav'n's just Balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear:
 Not

Not present Good or Ill, the Joy or Curse,
But future Views, of Better, or of Worse. 70

Oh, Sons of Earth! attempt ye still to rise
By Mountains pil'd on Mountains, to the Skies?
Heav'n still with Laughter the vain Toil surveys,
And buries Madmen in the Heaps they raise.

Know all the Good that Individuals find, 75
Or God or Nature meant to meer Mankind,
Reason's whole Pleasures, all the Joys of Sense,
Lie in three Words, *Health, Peace, and Competence*.
But Health consists with Temperance alone,
And Peace, fair Virtue! Peace is all thy own; 80
The Gifts of Fortune Good or Bad may gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.

Say, in Pursuit of Profit or Delight,
Who risque the most, that take wrong Means or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst, 85
Which meets Contempt, or which Compassion first?
Count all th' Advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains;
And grant the Bad what Happiness they wou'd,
One they must want, which is, to pass for Good. 90

Oh, blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme below!
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe:
Who sees and follows that great Scheme the best,
Best knows his Blessing, and will most be blest.
But Fools the *Good* alone unhappy call, 95
For Ills or Accidents that chance to *All*.

See FALKLAND falls, the Virtuous and the Just!
See God-like TURENE prostrate on the Dust!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial Strife!
Was this their *Virtue*, or Contempt of Life? 100
Say what is Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGNY! sunk thee to the grave?

'Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of Days and Honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew *Marseilles* good Bishop purer Birth, 105
When Nature sicken'd, and each Gale was Death?
Or why so long (in Life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a *Parent*, to the Poor, and Me?

What makes all Physical or Moral Ill?
There deviates Nature, and here Wanders Will. 110
God

God sends not Ill, 'tis Nature lets it fall,
 Or chance escape, and Man improves it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
 That righteous *Abel* was destroy'd by *Cain*,
 As that the virtuous Son is ill at Ease, 115
 When his lew'd Father gave the dire Disease.
 Think we, like some weak Prince, th'Eternal Cause,
 Prone for his Fav'rites to reverse his Laws?

Shall burning *Aetna*, if a Sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recal her Fires? 120
 On Air or Sea new Motions be imprest,
 A blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy Breast?
 When the loose Mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall Gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old Temple nodding to its Fall, 125
 For *Chartres* Head reserve the hanging Wall?

But still this World (so fitted for the Knave)
 Contents us not: A better shall we have?
 A Kingdom of the Just then let it be:
 But first consider how those Just agree? 130
 The Good must merit God's peculiar Care:
 But who but God, can tell us who they are?

One thinks on *Calvin* Heav'n's own Spirit sell,
 Another deems him Instrument of Hell;
 If *Calvin* feel Heav'n's Blessing, or its Rod, 135
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
 What shocks one Part, will edify the rest,
 Nor with one System can they all be blest.

Give each a System, all must be at Strife;
 What diff'rent Systems for a Man and Wife? 140
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.

"Whatever is, is right."—This World, 'tis true,
 Was made for *Cæsar*—but for *Titus* too:
 And which more blest? who chain'd his Country, say,
 Or he, whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a Day? 145

"But sometime Virtue starves, while Vice is fed."
 What then? Is the Reward of Virtue, Bread?
 That, Vice may merit; 'tis the Price of Toil:
 The Knave deserves it, when he tills the Soil; 150
 The Knave deserves it, when he tempts the Main,
 Where Madness fights, for Tyrants, or for Gain.

The

The good Man may be weak, be indolent,
Nor is his Claim to Plenty, but Content.
But grant him Riches, your Demand is o'er? 155
"No—shall the Good want Health, the Good want
Pow'r?"

And Health and Power, and ev'ry earthly Thing:
"Why bounded Pow'r; why private? why no King?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n,
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n? 160
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immense the Pow'r, immense where the Demand;
Say, at what Part of Nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy, 165
The Soul's calm Sun shine, and the Heart felt Joy,
Is Virtue's Prize: A better would you fix,
And give humility a Coach and Six?
Justice a Conqu'rors Sword, or Truth a Gown,
Or publick Spirit, its great Cure, a Crown? 170
Rewards that either would to Virtue bring
No Joy, or be destructive of the Thing.

How oft by these at Sixty are undone,
'The Virtues of a Saint at Twenty one!
For Riches, can they give but to the Just, 175
His own Contentment, or another's Trust?
Judges and Senates have been bought for Gold,
Esteem and Love were never to be sold.

O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy Mind,
The Lover, and the Love, of Human Kind, 180
Whose Life is healthful, and whose Conscience clear;
Because he wants a Thousand Pounds a Year!

Honour and Shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your Part, there all the Honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small Diff'rence made, 185
One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade:
The Cobler apron'd, and the Parson gown'd,
The Friar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.

"What differ more (you cry) than Crown and Cowl?"
I'll tell you Friend; a wise Man, and a Fool. 190
You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the Monk,
Or Cobler like, the Parson will be drunk;

Worth

Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow ;
The rest, is all but Leather, or Prunella.

Stuck o'er with *Titles*, and hung round with Strings,
That thou may'st be, by Kings, or Whores of Kings. 195
Thy boasted Blood, a Thousand Years or so,
May from *Lucretia* to *Lucretia* flow :

But by your Father's Worth, if yours you rate,
Count me those only who are good and great. 200

Go! if your ancient, but ignoble Blood,
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever since the Flood,
Go! and pretend your Family is young ;
Nor own your Fathers have been Fools so long,
What can enoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards ? 205
Alas! not all the Blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on *Greatness*, say where *Greatness* lies ?
" Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wise !"

Heroes are much the same, the Point's agreed,
From *Macedonia's* Madman to the *Swede* ; 210

The whole strange Purpose of their Lives, to find,
Or make, an Enemy of all Mankind :

Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward, further than his Nose.

No less alike the Politick and Wife, 215

All fly slow Things, with circumspective Eyes :

Men in their loose, unguarded Hours they take,
Nor that themselves are wise, but others weak.

But grant that those that *conquer*, these can *cheat*,
'Tis Phrase absurd to call a Villain *great*. 220

Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

Is but *the more* a Fool, *the more* a Knave.

Who noble Ends, by noble Means obtains,

Or failing, smiles in Exile, or in Chains,

Like good *Aurelius* let him reign or bleed, 225

Like *Socrates*, that Man is great indeed.

What's *Fame*? that fancy'd Life in others Breath!
A Thing beyond us, ev'n before our Death.

Just what you *hear* you have, and what's unknown,

The same (my Lord) if *Tully's* or your own, 230

All that we feel of it begins and ends

In the same Circle of our Foes or Friends ;

To all beside, as much an empty Shade,

An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead,

Alike

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Alike or when or where, they shone or shine, 235

Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.

A Wit's a *Feather*, and a Chief a *Rod*;

An honest Man's the noblest Work of God:

Fame but from Death a Villain's Name can save,

As Justice tears his Body from the Grave; 240

When what t'Oblivion better were resign'd,

Is hung on high, to poison half Mankind.

All Fame is foreign, but of true Desert,

Plays round the Head, but comes not to the Heart.

One self approving Hour whole Years out-weighs 245

Of stupid Starers, and of loud Huzza's;

And more true Joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,

Than *Cæsar* with a Senate at his Heels.

In *Parts* superior what Advantage lies!

Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wise? 250

'Tis but to know, how little can be known,

To see all others Faults, and feel our own;

Condemn'd in Business, or in Arts, to drudge

Without a Second, or without a Judge:

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking Land? 255

All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

Painful Preheminence! yourself to view

Above Life's Weakness, and its Comforts too.

Bring then these Blessings to a strict Account,

Make fair Deductions see to what they mount? 260

How much of other each is sure to cost?

How each for other oft is wholly lost?

How inconsistent greater Goods with these?

How sometimes Life is risk'd, and always Ease?

Think, and if still the *Things* thy Envy call, 265

Say, would'st thou be the *Man* to whom they fall?

To sigh for Ribbands, if thou art so silly,

Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.

Is yellow Dirt the Passion of thy Life?

Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus's* Wife. 270

If *Parts* allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,

The wisest, brightest, meanest of Mankind:

Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,

See *Cromwell*, damn'd to ever lasting Fame!

If all, united, thy Ambition call,

From ancient Story learn to scorn them all, 275

There

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There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false Scale of Happiness compleat !
 In Hearts of Kings, or Arms of Queens who lay,
 (How happy !) those to ruin, these betray ; 280
 Mark by what wretched Steps their Glory grows,
 From Dirt and Sea weed as proud *Venice* rose ;
 In each, how Guilt and Greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man,
 Now *Europe's* Laurels on their Brows behold, 285
 But stain'd for Blood, or ill exchang'd for Gold :
 Then see them broke with Toils, or lost in Ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.
 Oh Wealth ill fated ! which no Act of Fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from Shame ! 290
 What greater Bliss attends their close of Life ?
 Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,
 The trophy'd Arches, story'd Halls invade,
 And haunt their Slumbers in the pompous Shade.
 Alas ! not dazzled with their Noon tide Ray, 295
 Compute the Morn and Evening to the Day :
 The whole amount of that enormous Fame,
 A Tale ! that blends their Glory with their Shame !
 Know then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
 VIRTUE alone is Happiness below : 300
 The only Point where human Bliss stands still,
 And tastes the Good, without the Fall to Ill ;
 Where only Merit constant Pay receives,
 Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives :
 The Joy unequal'd, if its End it gain, 305
 And if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without Satiety, tho' e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest Mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very Tears. 310
 Good from each Object, from each Place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one Man's oppress'd,
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd ;
 And where no Wants, no Wishes, can remain, 315
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.
 See ! the sole Bliss Heav'n could on all bestow,
 Which who but feels, can taste ; but thinks can know :
 Yet

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Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
 The Bad must miss, the Good untaught will find, 320
 Slave to no Sect, who takes no private Road,
 But looks thro' *Nature* up to *Nature's* God;
 Pursues that *Chain* which links th' immense Design,
 Joins Heav'n, and Earth, and mortal, and divine;
 Sees, that no Being any Bliss can know 325
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this Union of the rising *Whole*,
 The first, last Purpose of the human Soul;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE of GOD and LOVE of MAN. 330

For him alone, *Hope* leads from Gole to Gole,
 And opens still, and opens, on his Soul,
 Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the Bliss that fills up all the Mind.
 He sees, why *Nature* plants in Man alone 335
 Hope of known Bliss, and Faith in Bliss unknown?
 (Nature whose Dictates to no other Kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is the Present; she connects in this
 His greatest *Virtue* with his greatest *Bliss*. 340
 At once his own bright Prospect to be blest,
 And strongest Motive to assist the rest.

Self-Love thus push'd to Social, to Divine,
 Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's Blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless Heart? 345
 Extend it, let thy Enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole Worlds of Reason Life and Sense,
 In one close System of Benevolence,
 Happier, as kinder! in whate'er Degree,
 And Height of *Bliss*, but Height of CHARITY. 350

God loves from Whole to Parts; but human Soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
 Self-Love but serves the virtuous Mind to wake,
 As the small Pebble stirs the peaceful Lake,
 The Centre mov'd, a Circle strait succeeds, 355
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, Parent, Neighbour, first it will embrace,
 His Country next, and next all Human Race;

D

Wide,

Wide and more wide, th' O'erflowings of the Mind
 Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry Kind ; 360
 Earth smiles around, with boundless Bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
 Oh Master of the Poet, and the Song!
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 365
 To Man's low Passions, or their glorious Ends ;
 Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
 To fall with Dignity, with Temper rise,
 Form'd by thy Converse happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe, 370
 Correct with Spirit, eloquent with Ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the Stream of Time, thy Name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its Fame,
 Say, shall my little Bark Attendant sail, 375
 Pursue the Triumph, and partake the Gale ?
 And shall this Verse to future Age pretend,
 Thou wert my Guide, Philosopher and Friend ?
 'That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art
 From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart ; 380
 For Wits false Mirror held up Nature's Light ;
 Shew'd erring Pride *Whatever Is, is Right* :
 That *Reason, Passion, answer one great Aim* ;
 That true *Self-Love* and *Social* are the same ;
 That *Virtue* only make our *Bliss* below ; 385
 And all our *Knowledge* is, *Ourselves to know*.

F I N I S.



V E R S E S

ON THE

DEATH of Dr. SWIFT.

Occasioned by reading the following Maxim
in *Rochfoucault*.

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours
quelque chose, qui ne nous déplait pas,*

AS *Rochfoucault* his maxim drew
From nature, I believe 'em true ;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him : the fault is in mankind,
The maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast :
“ In all distresses of our friends
“ We first consult our private ends :
“ While nature kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some circumstance to please us.
If this perhaps your patience move ;
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.
I love your friend as well as you,
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post ;
Suppose it be an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,

Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd or trophy won ;
 Rather than thus be over-topt,
 Would you not wish his laurels cropt ?
 Dear honeil *Ned* is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without ;
 How patiently you hear him groan !
 How glad the cause is not your own.

What poet would not mourn to see
 His Brother write as well as he !
 But rather than they should excel,
 He'd wish his rivals all in hell.

Her end when emulation misses,
 She turns to envy, stings and hisses :
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human kind ! fantastic race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ?
 Self love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide,
 Give others riches, power, and station :
 'Tis all on me a usurpation.

I have no title to aspire,
 Yet when you sink, I seem the higher,
 In *Pope* I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine ;
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six,
 It gives me such a jealous fit ;
 I cry, pox take him and his wit.
 I grieve to be out done by *Gay*
 In my own humorous biting way,
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend ;
 Which I was born to introduce ;
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
St. John as well as *Pultney*, knows
 That I had some repute for prose :
 And, 'till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortify'd my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside ;

If with such talents heav'n has blest 'em ;
Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes dear fortune send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend :
I tamely can endure the first ;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends :
And tho 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good ;
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
See, how the dean begins to break !
Poor gentlemen ! he droops apace ;
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.

Besides his memory decays :
He recollects not what he says :
He cannot call his friends to mind ;
Forgets the place where last he din'd :
Plies you with stories o'er and e'er ;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit,
To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who, for his wine, will hear his jokes.
Faith he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter :
In half the time he talks them round ;
There must another set be found.

For poetry he's past his prime ;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme :
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen :
But there's no talking to some men !
And then, their tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my years :

He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 And well remembers *Charles* the second.
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 His stomach too begins to fail ;
 Last year we thought him strong and hale.
 But now he's quite another thing ;
 I wish he may hold out the spring.
 Then hug themselves and reason thus :
 It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk'd in tropes ;
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortunes to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend,
 With all the kindness they profess
 The merit of a lucky guess.
 When daily how d'y's come of course,
 And servants answer, " worse and worse !"
 Would please them better, than to tell,
 That God be prais'd the Dean is well.
 Then he who prophesy'd the best,
 Approves the judgment to the rest :
 " You know I always fear'd the worst,
 " And often told you so at first."
 He'd rather choose that I should die,
 Than his predictions prove a lye.
 Not one foretells, I shall recover ;
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
 Just in the parts where I complain ;
 How many a message would he send !
 What hearty prayers, that I should mend !
 Enquire what regimen I kept ;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept :
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Then all the snivelers round my bed.

My good companions never fear ;
 For, though you may mistake a year.
 Though your prognostics run too fast,
 They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive !
 How is the Dean ? he's just alive.

Now the departing prayer is read :
He hardly breathes. The Dean is dead.

Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town has run.
Oh ! may we all for death prepare !
What has he left ? And who's his heir ?
I know no more than what the news is ;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses ! there's a whim !
What had the public done for him ?
Mere envy, avarice and pride ;
He gave it all—but first he dy'd.
And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend ? no poor relation ?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood !

Now *Grubstreet* wits are all employ'd ;
With elegies the town is cloy'd :
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier ;
The doctors tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all their blame.
We must confess his case was nice ;
But he would never take advice :
Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years :
For when we open'd him we found,
That all his vital parts were found.
From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead.
And Lady S—— in the spleen
Runs laughing up to tell the Queen.
The Queen so gracious, mild and good,
Cries, " is he gone ! 'tis time he shou'd.

" * * * *
" * * * *
" * * * *
" * * * *
" * * * *
" * * * *

Now *Chartres*, at—— *Lewee*,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy :

Why,

Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
 (Cries ———) I'm sorry for the news :
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend *Will* !
 Or had a mitre on his head,
 Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead !
 Now *Curl* his shop from rubbish drains,
 Three genuine tomes of *Swift*'s remains !
 And then to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.
 He'll treat me, as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters ;
 Revive the libels born to die ;
 Which *Pope* must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*
 A week, and *Aburthnot* a day.
 St. *John* himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 " I'm sorry, but we all must die !
 Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guise
 All fortitude of mind supplies :
 For how can stony bowels melt,
 In those who never pity felt ?
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd to stand between ;
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling,
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps :

" The Dean is dead (pray what is trumps ?
 " Then Lord have mercy on his soul ;
 " Ladies, I'll venture for the whole)
 " Six Deans they say, must bear the pall,
 " I wish I knew what King to call.)

" Madam

" Madam, your husband will attend
 " The fun'ral of so good a friend.
 " No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
 " And he's engag'd to morrow night:
 " My Lady *Club* will take it ill,
 " If he should fail her at quadrille.
 " He lov'd the Dean; (I lead a heart)
 " But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 " His time was come, he ran his race;
 " We hope he's in a better place.

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past; a different scene!
 No farther mention of the Deane:
 Who now, alas! no more is mis'd,
 Than if he never did exist,
 Where's now the favourite of *Apollo*?
 Departed; — and his works must follow!
 Must undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country squire to *Lintot* goes,
 Enquires for *Swift* in verse and prose:
 Says *Lintot*, " I have heard the name;
 " He dy'd a year ago." The same.
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 " Sir, you may find them in *Duck-Lane*.
 " I sent them with a load of books
 " Last *Monday* to the pastry-cook's.
 " To fancy they could live a year!
 " I find you're but a stranger here.
 " The Dean was famous in his time,
 " And had a kind of knack at rhyme:
 " His way of writing now is past:
 " The town has got a better taste.
 " I keep no antiquated stuff,
 " But spick and span I have enough.
 " Pray do but give me leave to shew 'em.
 " Here's *Colley Cibber's* birth day poem,
 " This ode you never yet have seen,
 " By *Stephen Duck* upon the Queen.
 " Then, here's a letter finely pen'd
 " Against the *Craftsman*, and his friend.

" It

" It clearly shews that all reflection,
 " On ministers, is dis-affection.
 " Next here's Sir *Robert's* vindication;
 " And Mr. *Henley's* last oration:
 " The hawkers have not got them yet;
 " Your honour please to buy a set?

Suppose me dead, and then suppose
 A club assembled at the *Rose*:
 Where from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.

The Dean, if we believe report
 Was never ill receiv'd at court.
 Altho' ironically grave,
 He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave,

" Sir, I have hear'd another story,
 " He was a most confounded Tory;
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd,
 " Extremely dull before he dy'd."

Can we the *Drapier* e'er forget?
 Is not our Nation in his debt?
 'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's Letters*—!

" He should have left them for his betters:
 " We had a hundred *abler men*,
 " Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*,——
 " Say what you will about his *reading*,
 " You never can *defend* his *breeding*:
 " Who in his *satires* running riot,
 " Could never leave the world in quiet—;
 " Attacking when he took the whim,
 " Court, City, Camp; all one to him—.
 " But why should he, except he *flubber'd*,
 " Offend our *patriot*, great Sir *R*——?
 " Whose counsels aid the sov'reign pow'r
 " To *save* the *nation* ev'ry hour.
 " What *scenes* of evil he unrave's,
 " In *satires*, *libels*, *lying travels*!
 " Not sparing his own clergy cloth,
 " But eats into it like a *moth*——"

Perhaps I may allow the Dean,
 Had too much satire in his vein;
 And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it;

Vice if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lask'd*
 If you resent it, who's to blame?
 He neither knew *you*, nor your *name*.
 Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its owner is a duke?
 His friendship still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind:
 No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
 Where titles give no right of power,
 And peerage is a wither'd flower:
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face.
 He never thought an honour done him,
 Because a peer was proud to own him:
 Wou'd rather slip aside, and choose
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
 And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 So often seen caressing *Chartres*.
 He kept with princes due decorum;
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 He follow'd *David's* lesson just:
 In *princes* never put his trust:
 And, would you make him truly four,
 Provoke him with a slave in power.

" Alas, poor *Dean*! his only scope
 " Was to be held a *Misanthrope*,
 " This into general *odium* drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, *much good may do him*!
 " His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
 " But, *discontent* against the times:
 " For, had we made him *timely* offers
 " To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other *brethren* of his *gown*:
 " For party he would scarce have bleed—;
 " I say no more —because he's dead—
 " What *writings* has he left behind—?"

I hear, they're of a different kind:

A few in *verse*, but most in *prose*—.

" Some *high flown pamphlets*, I suppose—:

" All

48 *Verses on the Death of Dr. SWIFT.*

" All scribbled in the *worst of times*,
 " To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes,
 " To praise Queen *Ann*, nay more defend her,
 " As never fav'ring the *Pretender*—:
 " Or *libels* yet conceal'd from light,
 " Against the *court* to shew his *spite*;
 " Perhaps, his *travels*, *part the third*,
 " A *lie*, at every *second* word:
 " Offensive to a *loyal* ear——:
 " But—not one *sermon*, you may *swear*—."

As for his works in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those.
 Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
 But this I know all people bought 'em;
 As with a moral view design'd,
 To *please* and to *reform* mankind;
 And if he often miss'd his aim,
 The *world* must own it, to their *shame*;
 The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.
 He gave the little wealth he had,
 To build a house for fools and mad;
 To shew, by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much:
 And since you dread no farther lashes,
 Methinks you may forgive his ashes.



